

Golden Sun: Psynergetic Shenanigans

Story: Golden Sun: Psynergetic Shenanigans

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/7606895/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Humor/Parody

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Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/3241414/>

Last updated: 05/18/2012

Words: 5021

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 2 of 2 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Ever wonder what would have happened if Saturos had thrown the Jupiter Star into Mercury Lighthouse? If Isaac's party had walked by Babi and hadn't noticed him? If Piers was Alex's clone? Find out in this collection of crack/humor based one-shots!

***Chapter 1*: Mmmmmm, Tasty**

Hi, how y'all doing? So, this is a little something I've been thinking about doing for awhile now, and today got a bout of inspiration and decided to run with it. Basically, this is a collection of short fics that are often ridiculous in premise and focus on humor with other themes shining through on occasion. However, for the most part, the focus is humor, and anything else takes a back seat.

A lot of these are funny what if scenarios: "What if Felix due to bad eyesight mistook the Teleport Lapis for Dark Matter and gave it to Sunshine, who then forged it into a weapon, making the Warriors of Vale unable to teleport to Mars Lighthouse and save the world in time?" or "What if Saturos accidentally threw the Jupiter Star into the Mercury Lighthouse beacon?" Silly premises like that.

So, rather than have a mass of one shots, I'll have a collection of out-take whenever I feel like writing something short but funny, I'll post it here. The word limit per entry is tentatively around 2,000 words, as these are really meant to be short little drabbles, nothing in depth.

So, a lot of misdirection, poking fun at game mechanics, poking fun at characters, crack ships... basically a lot of crack. Most of my regular stories have a fair amount of humor to them as well, but not to this degree. Anywho, I'll be quiet now. The first insert is some very interesting Spirit Shipping action!

Mmmmmm, Tasty.

Matthew grinned at the beautiful sight before him. He had been waiting for this day for what felt like forever, even if he had only known Sveta for a few months. There was nothing like the first time, and he was going to make it count. He didn't know if anything else could look as wonderful as what was spread out before him, dripping in delectable juices and simply beckoning him in. He leaned towards it, his jaw dropped in awe.

Sveta eyed him with uncertainty, seemingly unsure as to what thoughts were running through his head. His expression was one of complete focus, but it was hard to tell whether or not he was excited, shocked, or frightened.

"Are... are you excited to taste it?" She whispered hopefully with a blush. This was her first time, after all.

Matthew brought himself even closer, and breathed in deeply. Even from this distance, the scent was thick and enticing. He felt his lower regions quiver in anticipation, and stifled a moan.

He knew how worried Sveta had been about this day: she had fretted to him often about all the things that could go wrong, whether it be her claws being too sharp for the delicate actions needed, or the inevitability of her fur getting in the way. No matter how hard she tried to remove it, she knew there was going to be some there, and she had worried that it would ruin the experience for him.

Of course, he had scoffed at all these ideas: he had not been thinking with his head, but rather another part of his body. A part of his body which craved what was in front of him now with an unstoppable and all-consuming lust.

His breathing became ragged. This was torture. He gazed up at her, his eyes pleading with hers, silently begging her to

give him permission.

She smiled: so he was excited after all. However, she denied his request with a look of pure seduction, and whispered, "I know how many you've tasted in the past. Karis told me you were particularly fond of hers, actually. I've sampled hers as well, and concur. I hope mine will be just as delicious."

Matthew briefly, in his hunger, wondered whether or not it was Sveta's lips or what lie before him that had spoke. With a quick shake of his head, he broke out of it, and whispered, "Oh, Sveta... nothing could compare to yours. It's the pinnacle of any I've seen... please, don't make me wait any longer."

She giggled. "Oh, Matthew, you're hopeless. But I'm anything but cruel, and I can't help but feel warm and fuzzy inside at your kind words. So, please... take it."

He breathed in preparation, and closed his eyes. He opened one and, looking at her once more in order to feel complete confirmation, whispered, "I can have noms?"

She blew him a kiss, and purred, "You can have allll my noms."

He groaned, and unable to bear another second of waiting, grabbed what was in front of him and brought his mouth to it.

OH SWEET VENUS, Matthew thought as the taste overflowed his entire mouth, nearly bringing him to his knees. *THIS IS THE BEST DAMN SANDWICH I'VE HAD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE*. He ripped off a good piece of the fine sandwich Sveta had lovingly and painstakingly made for him, chewing it with ecstasy before swallowing.

Sveta giggled once more as her beloved let out a moan that was garbled by his mouthful of food. He had been so patient while she crafted it, never once taking his eyes off of it as it had begun to take shape. Sveta had, admittedly, never really made a sandwich before Matthew had brought it up a month ago, and was beyond relieved that he was enjoying the experience so much.

As royalty, she had very rarely prepared her own food, and even once she had begun to travel outside the castle and go on long trips, bread was often hard to find, so she had never made a sandwich.

Karis had quickly informed her that Matthew's favorite thing in the world was sandwiches, and that she had made him more than she could count over the years. He had become obsessed with them as his mother had fed him one for lunch nearly every day of his youth: in short, Matthew appreciated nothing more than a good sandwich.

He had been as understanding as possible when she had told him she simply didn't know how to make them, and even had gone as far to say that, if she didn't want to learn, she didn't have to.

But Sveta loved Matthew, and loved making him happy, so she had quickly gone to Karis for advice, and within a month of training had perfected the art of the sandwich. Karis had even told her that Sveta's were the best she had ever tasted!

Still, she had been worried: she had to be very careful and mindful of her claws, lest she cut the sandwich without intending too. Not to mention the fact that she shed heavily, and no doubt the entire sandwich would be filled with her hair. No matter how delicious it was, nothing was worth

eating if it induced a hairball afterwards; she was quite familiar with the little balls of death, and believed her decision to switch to showering (as odd as it had been the first two times) from self-cleaning to be one of the best decisions she had ever made.

In regards to the sandwich, she had gone all out this time: every kind of meat on the ship she could find, eighteen different spices precisely measured to give just the right flavor, four delectable sauces, and finally piles of fresh and well kept produce all held together by fresh homemade bread. She licked her lips; she would have to make one for herself shortly, watching him eat it was making her own stomach jealous.

And so, she watched him with adoration in her eyes as he ate like a complete fool, eating slowly, yes, but with plentiful amounts of drool and sauce dribbling down his chin and cheeks, and with his eyes wide with pleasure.

Matthew, meanwhile, was having the time of his life. Karis's sandwiches had rocked his world, but this was the absolute peak of sandwich-dom, and he was starting to lose control of himself. He needed to hold onto some piece of dignity though; he didn't want to turn into a sandwich eating maniac in front of his beloved.

It took him another five minutes of chomping and chewing, and five glasses of orange juice the beast girl had graciously poured, but finally, Matthew swallowed the last bite, and let out one last moan.

He turned to her, love pouring out of his eyes like gushing waterfalls of adoration, and whispered, "I loooooooooove you."

Sveta smiled, then moved over to her love and wiped off his face with a towel in order to rub her pointed nose against

his, and then give him a peck on the lips. However, he brought his hands around her head and deepened the kiss, letting her taste the heaven he had just consumed. Their tongues met, and Sveta's felt her taste-buds dance in pleasure; she made one hell of a sandwich.

After a minute of tasting his sandwich graced saliva, they parted, both breathing heavily. They spared a moment to look deep into each other's eyes, and smiled.

"That was the best sandwich I've ever eaten," Matthew groaned. Sveta smiled and gently rubbed his belly.

"My, someone is certainly full... I hope though," She whispered, leaning into him and bringing her lips to his ear. "That you saved room for desert." He gasped. Could she possibly mean?

She brought her head back, batting her eyes lids as her hand snaked down, wrapping around and pulling down... on the covering of the strawberry shortcake she had baked this morning.

Matthew's jaw dropped, as he alternated staring at the morsel in front of him and the girl who had just made his stomach hastily begin to find room for more food. "Sveta... if I had to spend the rest of my life with you in a kitchen, I would be the happiest man on all of Weyard."

"Don't forget the milk, dear," She said with glee, handing him a cold pint, along with one for herself. Matthew smiled, and took a sip: it was cold and delicious. However, as he set it down, he simply continued to stare at the cake with a warm grin on his face.

"Matthew?" Sveta started, her ears drooping in worry that perhaps he didn't want it, or was too full. "Aren't you going

to eat your cake?"

He turned his grin to her, and gently placed his fingers behind her ear, rubbing it softly. She bit her lip to keep from moaning; she loved it when he rubbed his ears. "Of course I am," he whispered, scooping a piece of the beautiful desert and raising it in front of his face. "But rather than eat it myself, I'd like to share it with you."

She blushed as he gently guided the spoon into her mouth. As soon as he removed it, he quickly replaced it with his lips, and wrapped his arms around her as their tongues met once again. They kissed long and softly, and the only thing that was sweeter than the strawberry goodness they were sharing was the warm love they felt for one another.

As my first attempt at comedic misdirection (Sailing the High Seas of Love) was a little lacking in my opinion, I'm proud to say this story was probably my favorite out of everything fan-fiction I've written so far, and I had a kick writing it. It also has the best moment I've written yet, in my opinion: THIS IS THE BEST DAMN SANDWICH I'VE HAD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

You'd think making a sandwich sound like a vagina would be difficult, but it was surprisingly easy. So easy I was actually hesitant on the T rating, man the innuendos just kept coming.

I don't know how it ended up actually being romantic, but somehow it did, and I actually enjoyed the romance too. This is apparently the first Matthew/Sveta I've written (despite hinting at it twice... well, they were in one in a cameo role as a couple, but still), and I can see why people

get hooked on this pairing. Even as a complete crack-piece, somehow I think the romance ended up feeling natural.

This is actually really humorous to read a second time through. I did it (because of editing), and I got a few good laughs. Which is odd considering I wrote it. Laughing at your own jokes, first sign on insanity, and I've been doing it for years.

So, two questions: did the build up to the reveal he was actually eating a sandwich work, and did their romance at the end seem real and not out of place? Cheesy is fine, but still.

Man I had fun writing this. I haven't had this much fun writing since the first chapter of More Than Just a Third Eye. Well, I'm going to halt my ranting. Reviews are welcome as always, and thank you for reading. I'll probably never be able to look at a sandwich the same way again.

***Chapter 2*: Super Blades and Accidental Haircuts**

You know, I've made crack before, but it was always built across a solid concept. It wasn't just a really, really stupid idea filled with more stupid ideas.

...

I mention this because the fic below this author note is as such. Meaning, it's really stupid. Godly stupid. The stuff I found funny when I was thirteen. I have no idea why it's remanifested itself, but, uh, it has. I found this funny, at the least. Hopefully someone else can. Yep. More rambles after the break.

Super-Blades and Accidental Haircuts

It was something only Matthew would remember, and the entire party was intrigued when he suggested they take the yellow orb back to the room that had been filled to the brim with sand and that had featured a golden tablet. Still, they were quite surprised when the sand receded, leaving them a ladder leading down deeper into the mysterious ruins.

"Wow! This is so exciting!" Himi exclaimed as they reached the bottom and Matthew smiled. Himi had greatly enjoyed their exploration of the ruins, and with each passing room had become more and more enthralled, her red irises glowing bright even in the musky shadows of the ruins.

Matthew smiled and nodded; originally, he had been worried that the younger Venus Adept would not adapt to the group because she was quite shy. To his relief though, she had

begun to grow more and more comfortable and talkative. In fact, she was becoming quite outgoing, always eager to fight in combat and often the first to come up with a solution to the ancient puzzles they frequently came across.

As such, the room they walked into was quickly navigated by her, and they came to a regal looking chest. Matthew licked his lips and prayed silently that the chest would contain a blade, glancing down at his Sword of Dusk. As faithful and lethal as the weapon had been, it was starting to be badly outperformed by Tyrell's Muramasa, and Matthew knew he needed an upgrade.

So, when he opened the chest to find a blade colored as the richest bronze earth, he tried not to stare with his mouth open, lest he drooled. He reached out, feeling the power of Venus radiating from all around him, doubly so as he grasped the handle—and then gasped as the sword was pulled out of his reach. He turned in shock to see Himi, of all people, eyeing the blade in awe.

"Wow... this is an awesome sword," She said dreamily. Its point laid on the ground, and Matthew smiled wearily.

"...Er, Himi, can I have my—" Matthew began, falling silent as Himi turned to him.

"I'm keeping it!" She said triumphantly, oblivious to Matthew's discontent.

"Er... Himi," Tyrell said, playing the voice of reason (for the first time in the entire quest). "I'm not quite sure you're able to lift it. Maybe you should give it to Matthew?" Himi's eyes widened, and she tilted her head.

"Are you serious?" She asked innocently, staring down at the blade, and gripping it tightly. "I've got this down pat! You

think a little sword like this will give me trouble?" Suddenly, Himi ripped her arms upward, the sword travelling with her momentum. Matthew and Tyrell both gasped, following the arc of the blade as it flew over Himi's head (even as she held onto its handle). It was streaking directly toward an unsuspecting Karis, who was giggling to Sveta, no doubt about Himi attempting to wield the large weapon.

The sound of the blade slicing through the air was followed by a long drawn out shriek. Karis, a mixture of anger and misery etched across her normally jovial face, held out a streak of green in her hand, and shouted, "Himi! You massacred my ponytail! How could you?"

Himi shrugged, and Sveta patted Karis on the back. "There there... I think you still look beautiful!" The beastgirl said comfortingly, and Karis blushed.

"W-Well, I guess it's not so bad," Karis sputtered, faking a smile before looking down at her severed hair longingly.

"They are so hot for each other," Tyrell whispered to Amiti, nudging him in the shoulder. Amiti shrugged, and glance to his friend.

"I can't blame them, it is quite stuffy down here," The Mercury Adept remarked, completely misreading Tyrell's statement, drawing wild laughter out of the Mars Adept.

"I just need some practice, but I'll be like a ninja in no time!" Himi said, her tongue sticking out as she stared at the sword with the utmost concentration. Himi leapt into the air, spinning around like a top, heading straight toward...

"Sveta, watch out!" Rief shouted, pulling the beast girl away at the last possible moment by her sleeve.

"Oh my!" Sveta started, turning around after she was safe. Her face fell as she noticed two lavender streaks lying on the ground. "...My braids..." The beastgirl lamented, lowering to the ground and slowly stroking her now detached hair.

"Shh... remember what you told me, you still look wonderful," Karis whispered, kneeling beside her and rubbing Sveta's shoulder. "We'll just wear our hair short." Sveta smiled and nodded, while Tyrell snorted.

"Hey, maybe we should, I don't know, get the powerful sword out of the hands of the twelve year old girl before hair turns into limbs?" Eoleo commented dryly, and Matthew nodded.

"Himi... could I have the sword?" He asked gently, turning towards the Yamatain. His gaze was blocked by the Gaia Blade's point.

"Touch my sword and I will skewer you," She hissed and Matthew gulped, backing away in fear.

And so, the brave party continued its quest, with Matthew constantly vying to get the Gaia Blade out of Himi's hands, and the young Miko nearly decapitating one of the Adepts every few minutes. Of course, Kraden wasn't an Adept, which bears mentioning as within a month of finding her new weapon Himi did indeed chop Kraden in half. While at first the news was met with sadness, the party quickly came to a consensus that at least they wouldn't have to deal with the old man's ramblings any more.

In battle, everyone who lined up next to Himi would stay a good ten feet away from her while trying to protect her from the monsters that posed a very real threat to the youngest member of the party. She would drag the blade around behind her, shouting as she did so, and sling it as hard as

she could as soon as anything resembling an enemy appeared in her path. Of course, this led to her accidentally flinging herself into the air more than once.

Matthew meanwhile had grudgingly accepted the Muramasa, as Tyrell had defeated him in a game of rock/paper/scissors to win the Levatine Eoleo's really, really, really, really old great-grandmother had forged for them. Much of his combat had become Psynergy based, as his Muramasa, while quite enticing at first, more than half the time froze him whenever he tried to use it.

This had led to numerous moments where Matthew would find himself unable to move, staring down a hungry enemy while everyone else would be preoccupied trying to keep Himi from killing herself. He had been severely burned, poisoned, lacerated, frozen, suffered internal bruising, had been robbed, and finally had been taken from the battle by a farmer and used as a scarecrow. It took the rest of the party three days to find him.

So, when they finally got to the Apollo Sanctum, and Matthew still hadn't found a new sword, he was understandably a little upset, and no longer saw his fellow Venus Adept in a positive light.

Thankfully, those negative feelings all dispersed when he entered the deepest part of Apollo Sanctum, and saw the Sol Blade glowing in its slot. It was hard to describe just how happy he felt as he proudly exited the inner room, holding the powerful sword in his hands.

It was quickly dashed and Himi shouted, "OOH! CAN I HAVE THAT SWORD!"

Before she could get anywhere near it, Matthew lifted the Sol Blade high above his head (not an easy feat considering

how heavy it was), and growled at the Yamatain. "NO! THIS IS MINE!" He barked, the ground shaking as he did so. "I've had to travel across the entire damn Eastern Sea, around countless islands and ruins, and along the entire Endless Wall with this PIECE OF CRAP SWORD THAT MAKES ME FREEZE IN MID-MOTION. I'M TIRED OF THIS CRAP! I'm tired of watching you parade around like you know what you're doing with that sword, when I've spent my entire life training with blades!"

"I! You! How dare..." Himi fumed, trying to raise the Gaia Blade in challenge but barely getting it off the ground.

"How dare I!" Matthew retorted, flinging the Sol Blade wildly in the air, slicing off half of Tyrell's red spikes at a diagonal slant.

The Mars Adept glanced upward sadly and then sent a puppy dog faced towards Karis. "Karis? Am I still beautiful?" He asked, and his frown sunk lower when the Jupiter Adept burst into giggles.

"Er, we'll give you a haircut when we get back," Karis supplied weakly, but shifted when Sveta whispered something in her ears. "Ooop! Forgot, had plans. I think Rief can cut hair, through."

"But I'm pricey," The Mercury Adept added harshly, and Tyrell sighed in dejection.

"You killed Kraden!" Matthew screamed, stepping toward Himi. "Not only do you NOT get the Sol Blade, you're going to stop using the Gaia Blade before you cut Sveta's ears off!" Sveta yelped at the thought, and Himi's eyes widened.

"I WANT THAT SWORD!" She shouted, diving forward and grabbing the handle with her hands. Matthew's eyes grew

livid, and the two Venus Adepts began to wrestle for the powerful blade.

"Oh my! We must stop them before they get out of the protective barrier!" Sveta exclaimed, but before anyone could react Blados and Chalis jumped down in front of them.

"Well, now seems as good as time as any to attack, my pretties," Chalis hissed, her devious eyes glowing at the prospect of battle.

"Ugh. Blados. What a terrible name," Blados seethed, shaking his head. "Why did I ever join this nutcase army? I just wanted to write poetry and paint the Zebras of Kimbombo—"

"BLADOS GET YOU HEAD OUT OF THE CLOUDS AND ATTACK!" Chalis screeched, and Blados rolled his eyes but complied. And so began a great battle as Himi and Matthew, now being singed by the light as they battled, continued to vie for the Sol Blade.

After a few more moments of shooting out snarky insults, they reached the near edge of the Apollo Sanctum. Suddenly seeing an opportunity to gain the upper hand, Matthew pushed forward, leaving Himi dangling off the edge, holding onto the Sol Blade for dear life.

Glancing down into the bright abyss, she turned to Matthew with terror in her eyes. "Okay, you win Matthew! Please, let me get back up, you can keep the sword!" She pleaded, but her face became plastered with terror as Matthew laughed.

"NO! You betrayed me!" Matthew laughed evilly, prying Himi's fingers off the Sol Blade as she wriggled. "You stole my sword, questioned my authority, and because of you I'm more or less melting!" It was true: by staying in the bright

light for so long, he had already developed a very dark tan, and was probably not going to live much longer after this.

"Please, Matthew!" Himi shrieked desperately, realizing the fate that awaited her. "This is madness!" Matthew's face became as hard as stone at her words, and he backed up slightly, letting her get her feet back on the ground. As she did so, sighing in relief, Matthew's face began to crack once more, layers of rage beaming through.

"Madness?" Matthew pondered, causing Himi to eye him uncertainly. "NO!" He roared suddenly, launching his foot toward the small girl's chest. "THIS! IS! APOLLO!" And with a long drawn out scream, Himi flew into the all-encompassing light.

Matthew, having also stolen the Gaia Blade during the fight, smiled as he held both of the powerful weapons in his hands. "Always wanted to try dual wielding. I wonder how the others are—aww, crap." The rest of the party was downed, and Chalis, Blados, and Alex were all staring dumbfoundedly at the Venus Adept.

"What. The. Fuck." Alex droned, his eyes wide. "You just sent a twelve year old girl to her doom! For a sword! The hell is wrong with you?"

"Oh, please!" Matthew remarked, rolling his eyes. "You illegitimately father Amiti, and—it's freaking obvious, that's how I know!" Matthew shouted as Alex's jaw dropped at the Venus Adept's statement. "And besides, you sunk into a freaking mountain that was about to explode, and all you got was some facial scarring. She'll probably be back as the villain for the sequel."

"...Fair enough. You've come along way, Matthew," Alex commented, a sinister smile on his face. "Shall we join forces

and rule Weyard together?"

"Sure, sounds good," Matthew replied, tired of traveling with smucks anyway.

"...What about us?" Blados asked dumbly, and Alex smiled.

"Betrayal time!" Alex said in a singsong voice, pushing both the Umbra Adepts off the Sanctum with a geyser.

"...What about them? They dead?" Matthew asked, pointing at the last spot the two had been visible.

"Nah. Probably show up in the sequel and transform into dragons. Or fuse into one dragon. Or fuse into a bigger dragon. Or fuse with Himi into an even bigger dragon," Alex said lazily, smiling at Matthew's confused expression. "Trust me, I'm seeing the guy who writes the storyboard. This entire plot is really light romance teasing and people turning into dragons."

"Pfff. Whatever. Let's get going," Matthew replied with a shrug, and Alex nodded. As the two began to head out of the Sanctum, Matthew frowned. He had really wanted to try out both of these swords, but the big fight was already over...

An idea sparked into his head, and he shifted his gaze towards Alex's thick, long, shiny, blue hair...

SLICE.

A brief pause of silence.

"OH MERCURY! MY HAIR! WHERE IS THE HUMANITY!"

Matthew chortled as he skipped away from a now sobbing Alex, who was holding his severed hair in his arms. "Totally

worth it," the Venus Adept said with a smile, skipping off to fulfill his destiny of giving surprise haircuts, therefore terrorizing all of Weyard.

....Uhhhhhh. I've got nothing. I took a few themes and ran with them (hair getting cut), tried to put in some meta-commentary (all the freaking dragons, man), and played around with the characters a bit.

I still don't understand why I felt compelled to write this though. And it probably got too zany at the end for its own good, but I think for the most part it was an... er.... Interesting read.

The basic idea behind this was the idea that only Venus Adepts can equip it (even though that wasn't true in the first two games), and what if Himi decided to try to use it? The key to this fic for me was imagining her dragging it around and acting like she was some great warrior. I don't know, the thought just amused me. To no end.

There were a lot of highlights in here for me as well... Blados's line about poetry was a personal favorite. Any excuse to put in Zephyr Shipping (Sveta/Karis) too. I think Eoleo got one good line in. And Rief probably had my favorite one in the entire fic. "But I'm pricey." Oh, jeez....

Also, I had the obligatory Kraden dying in a completely random/unimportant way in here. Just felt right. Finally, Matthew as a scarecrow for a few days. I think that's what truly inspired the homicidal rage at the end there. Yep.

I've been meaning to write more humor fics lately, but just haven't gotten around to it. Hopefully I can keep this up... I have a vague idea about a fic where Mia has to heal Isaac's, ahem, lower regions, and hijinks ensue. So, er, maybe that

at some point. It'll be posted in here if I can find a way to make it rated T... which might be hard. Anyhow, thanks for reading through this crap!